

Drunk Stupid

by Salamander

Category: X-Men

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-11 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-11 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:36:13

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,429

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Some suspicious sounding stuff happened the night Emma Frost was drunk.

Drunk Stupid

Disclaimer: Unfortunately, Marvel owns all the characters and is doing something really weird with them. Ugh! Somehow, they're getting money for what they're doing with the characters, and I'm not. Where's the justice in that?!

Note: This was my failed attempt at trying to write a GenX story without mentioning Jubilee. I guess I didn't try that hard. After I had mentioned her, I decided to just let her jump in and have a little fun. ::sigh::

"Rambling. Oh God, I was rambling last night." Emma's head rested on her kitchen table. She knew she had rambled the night earlier, but couldn't remember anything she had said. "I was drunk. Drunk stupid. God, I haven't done that in so long."

She had already met her appointment in front of her porcelain seat earlier that morning. A cup of coffee was being brewed in her coffee maker, and half the day was already wasted. At the moment, Emma didn't care what happened to the world around her. Sean could take care of the kids by himself; he was a grown man, after all.

The phone ringing seemed to pierce the air. "Oh God. . . ." Emma drew her hands over her ears and shut her eyes, hoping to mask out as much of the sound as possible. Again, the phone rang, Emma cringing in pain. Relentlessly, the phone rang a third time, after which the answering machine picked up, and Emma's taped message could be heard throughout her cottage. Loudly. Too loudly for Emma's liking. "You have reached Emma Frost's house but have missed me. Leave a message and your phone number at the beep, and if you're lucky, I will get

back to you." The machine beeped for what seemed like an eternity for poor Emma, and then a very familiar voice began to talk.

The male voice sighed. "Emma, look, . . . about last night . . . "

Emma's head shot up as fast as she could make it in her state, giving her a head rush. Last night?! Uh-oh . . .

The familiar, yet still unidentified voice went on. "Things were said and actions were done that shouldn't have been. . . . "

She knew that voice! It was Scott! Scott Summers!!! Wait. Scott Summers? Emma tried to stand up, but a wave of nausea hit her, forcing her to sit back down.

"It was all my fault. . . . I let things get carried away. . . . "

What had gone on the other night?! All Emma could remember was rambling. . . . Rambling. . . .

"I don't blame you for what you did. If the roles had been reversed, I think I would have done the same. . . . "

Emma stood up slowly this time, intent on picking up the phone before Scott could hang up.

"I regret everything I did. And everything I didn't do. I can't believe I let everything get out of control like that. . . . "

Emma was making her way to the telephone in her living room. Slowly. Very slowly.

"I want to be able to work with you without having to deal the repercussions of last night. . . . "

Emma stopped. "What the hell did we do, Scott?" Her and Scott Summers . . . they didn't . . . ? . . . did they?!

"We're mature adults, Emma. Some more mature than others, obviously. We need to talk about this. Call me whenever it's convenient. You know where to reach me." With that, Scott hung up, and Emma eased herself onto her couch.

Emma let out a big breath. "I just remember rambling. . . . That's it. . . . " She couldn't remember rambling to anybody, actually. She just remembered doing it. To nobody? Well, she had done odder things while drunk. And it sounded like she had done worse things as well.

Eventually, Emma eased herself into a laying position on her couch, forgetting her coffee. She was feeling better than before. Well, physically speaking. She was now dealing with anxiety. Major anxiety. Of all the people she could have slept with while drunk, did it really have to be Scott Summers? Why not Remy? Or Hank? Or Sean? Or even Bobby???

"Stop it, Emma. You don't even know what happened." She sighed unhappily as someone knocked at her door. Slowly, she stood up and

walked to the door and opened it. "Oh. . . . Hi."

Sean frowned at the hung over Emma Frost and sighed. "Ye drank yuirself to sleep after last night, aye?" He walked past her and into the kitchen where he found some luke-warm coffee. "I'll make ye some more. Go sit down."

Emma nodded numbly and closed the door. She walked back to her couch and sat down in a somewhat dazed manner. What had Sean meant? Wasn't she drunk last night? If she hadn't been, why couldn't she remember sleeping with Scott? Were the memories so bad that she was already repressing them?

And then there was Sean himself. While he seemed to be helpful, there was something . . . uncomfortable about his manner. "Maybe he's jealous because I slept with Scott instead of him? . . . " It didn't sound right to her. But nothing really did at the moment.

"What was that, Em?" Sean sat down next to her, still keeping his distance in a way.

Emma shrugged. "Nothing. . . . So last night was pretty . . . pretty . . . "

Sean nodded. "Aye. Tha's jus' about the way I see it, too."

Emma blinked. "Oh. . . . I'm sorry about everything that happened last night."

Sean shrugged. "'Tis alright. It really wasn't yuir fault."

Emma furrowed her brow. Scott had something like that, too! "And whose fault would you say it was? . . . "

Sean frowned and leaned into the couch a bit. "I don't really want to place the blame on anyone, Em."

"That's okay. I should not have asked that."

Sean nodded and stood up, squeezing her knee as he did so. "Ye feel better now. I hav' to go back and watch over the kids. Remember the coffee." With that, he left Emma even more confused than before.

Emma sighed and pushed up from the couch and made her way to the kitchen. She pulled out her mug with the skull on it (a somewhat odd gift she had received from Jono for Christmas the previous year) and poured herself almost a full cup of coffee. She opened the refrigerator and added just a bit of creamer to it before she sipped. It felt good to finally get something into her stomach, and she put the creamer back into the fridge.

Again, she made her way to her couch and sat down in it carefully. She then turned the television on, the volume down very low, and changed it to CNN. If her own world had gone to hell, maybe it was a global thing. She wasn't sure which would be worse: just her world ruined or the whole entire one down the drain.

She had been watching it for some time before someone knocked at the door again. Emma took a sip of her coffee before setting it down on

her coffee table and going for the door. She opened it to reveal a smiling Paige Guthrie. Paige's smile crumbled a little. "Hi."

Emma furrowed her brow. "Hello, Miss Guthrie. What can I do for you?" The idea of turning the teenager away from her door never entered Emma's mind. Things were just too odd. Maybe the girl could shed some light onto things.

"Well, . . . the others, I mean other GenX members, wanted me to speak to you for them." Paige smiled again.

Emma sighed and stepped out of the doorway to give Paige some room. "Come in. Sit down on my couch. We can talk there."

Paige did so, not exactly sure what she was really doing there. "So . . . how are you feeling today?" Like she couldn't tell her teacher was hung over!

Emma eyed Paige, noticing how unsure she really was. "So the others delegated you to come here and find out what is happening?"

Paige's eyes widened suddenly, and she shook her head. "No! We wanted to make sure that you were okay after last night. Mr. Cassidy wouldn't tell us anything, and Jubilee and Angelo started some rumors about your death. . . . We were just worried."

Emma nodded slowly and took a sip of her coffee. "How would you say things went last night?"

"Well, not that great."

"Hm." Emma put her skull mug down. "What would you call my actions?"

"Huh?"

"Were they fair? Demanding? -- "

"Justified." Paige said it with certainty.

Emma raised an eyebrow, muttering, "Maybe I didn't sleep with him."

Paige blinked. "What was that?"

Emma shook her head. "Nothing you should worry about. How would you describe Scott's actions?"

Paige shrugged. "Well, he didn't do much, . . . but he did start it. I'd say vindictive. But then, everyone had been drinking that night. I mean, the adults. Of course. It's not like any of the GenXers would have. -- "

"Just go on." At the moment, Emma couldn't care less about the children drinking. Especially since it was the night earlier. There was nothing she could do to prevent it.

Paige nodded. "Right. Well, I guess he could have stopped things before they escalated like they did."

Emma nodded. "Thank you. You can go now."

"Huh?"

"You can go now. You can tell the others that I'm fine. I have some things to think about."

Paige sighed and stood up. "Um. Okay." She stood there with uncertainty for a few moments and then left.

Emma smiled. She soon began to chuckle. "Of course I didn't sleep with him! Ha! Sometimes, Em, I don't know what to do with you." But still, there was some nervousness as to what had actually happened that night.

Emma sighed and brought her coffee to her chest and turned her attention to television. She was done with her coffee and was very interested in the topic the 'Geraldo Rivera Live' show was discussing when a voice from behind surprised her.

"So ya are alive." Jubilee seemed a bit upset by that. She walked around the couch and sat beside Emma. "Oh God! Maybe I was wrong! Ya look like hell."

Emma pursed her lips. "First, Jubilation, don't use that kind of language. Second, I'd prefer it if my current state didn't wind up being current events."

Jubilee swatted the air. "Don't worry about that. Paige already told everyone. I don't understand how people think I'm the blabbermouth of GenX."

Emma smiled wryly. "I haven't a clue myself. What can I do for you?" Emma actually couldn't wait for more clues about the activities of the previous night.

Jubilee licked her lips excitedly. "Well, . . . I was wonderin' what it's like to tell Scott off like ya did."

Emma blinked, not knowing how to react. "You mean last night?"

"Well, yeah! 'Course!" Jubilee's expression quite clearly said, 'Duh!'

Emma bit her bottom lip. "Can I ask you a question?"

"Um. Sure!"

Emma sighed. "What happened last night?"

"Huh?"

Emma looked down, a bit ashamed about the confession she was about to make. "I don't remember a thing."

Jubilee burst into laughter. "I knew ya had to be drunk to do that! HAHAAHAH!!!"

Emma's eyes seemed to bulge out of their sockets. "Do what?"

The teenager only laughed harder. She had never seen Emma like this, and she doubted that she would ever get the chance again. Finally, Jubilee calmed down. "We had the X-Men over for dinner."

Emma nodded. "I remember that." She was silently cursing herself. If she weren't dealing with a hang over, she could painlessly use her telepathy.

"Well, Scott said some smart ass remark -- "

"Language, Jubilation."

"Right. Sorry." Jubilee held her hands up defensively and then went on. "Anyway, Scott said somethin' about ya not carin' for any of us GenXers and that ya were only interested in the money ya were gettin'."

"Oh. . . . "

Jubilee blinked. "Ya don't remember that? Ya didn't seem drunk at the time."

Emma shrugged. "I can hide my drunkenness up to a certain point. . . . Go on."

"Well, Sean went to yer defense and was thrashed pretty bad by quite a few of the X-Men. He really got his feelin's hurt."

"That's why he's acting the way he is! He's upset!"

Jubilee nodded. "Yeah. Poor guy. Well, anyway, ya left. Man! You were pissed!"

"Language."

"Sorry. So we kinda continued eatin'. Things were quiet and really uncomfortable. And by the time we were done, you had left a message on the answerin' machine sayin' a slew of cool things to Scott. Man! Ya were on a roll!"

Emma smirked. "Oh? Really? What did I say?"

"I can quote the message exactly!" Jubilee beamed with pride.

Emma shook her head and chuckled a little. "Go ahead."

"'The Hellions were my children, whether you wish to admit it or not. Their deaths were my fault. I have a chance to rectify my mistakes with GenerationX. They, like the Hellions, are my children. I will not let some tight-pantsed pansie tell me how to teach them or how to treat them. You can think what you want, Mr. Scott Summers, but I would appreciate it if you would not make such a big fool of yourself by throwing mud at me in my school. I care very deeply for my students and don't wish for them to be part in this stupid game of yours. Feel free to reply to this when you grow up and have learned to be a man.'" Jubilee giggled a bit. "It was great! Ya shoulda seen Scott's face!"

Emma smiled. "I remember that. . . . That's what I was rambling. . . ."

. "

"Here." Jubilee held out a tape. "I thought ya might be interested in hearin' yerself."

"You taped it?"

"Yeah I taped it! It's good blackmail stuff!"

Emma nodded. "Hmmm. . . . Yes. I doubt Scott would want this all over."

"Exactly."

"Thank you, Jubilation. For everything."

Jubilee shrugged. "No prob."

"If I were you, though, I wouldn't tell anyone that I didn't remember last night's activities."

Jubilee sighed and nodded. "I kinda knew ya wouldn't let me go with that kinda info and not tell me somethin' about it."

"I'm not completely stupid."

"No. Ya just look like crap."

"Jubilation?"

"Yeah?"

"Language."

"Oh. Yeah. Sorry."

End
file.